The Money tocking

MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE





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Pe Olde Tyme and Pe News

The Bluestocking



Mary Baldwin Seminary, 1903-'04

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O all ye merrie maydens
Of olde tyme and newe,
Who've laughed and wepte at Baldwin's
'Mid smyles and dropes of dewe,
We bring a magyk mirour
Of hopes and dredes of yore,
Ye fressh and faire Bluestocking,
For ye yeer of nyneteen four.

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School Song.

TUNE: TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING.

M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring,
As we join the mighty chorus
Full and strong.
Though our paths divided be,
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of happiest schoolgirl days—
The M. B. S.

CHORUS.

White and yellow float forever,
Colors bravest and the best;
Hark! the echoes catch the strain,
Sounding back the glad refrain:
White and yellow float forever,
M. B. S.

On the hillside green she stands,
Beacon - light to distant lands,
While the colors float above her
Fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here.
Fame hath wreathed the portals old
Of M. B. S.



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				•	

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O tellen of oure sore distresse we rewe
In putting forth our litel bok ful newe;
'Twould yeve yow mickle peyne and hevynesse
In contemplacion of oure bisynesse.
For be it known unto al maner wighte
The bane of Baldwin maydes who have to write
Is making of an editorial
Which ilk, it is a grete swink withal.
Now how to send oure bok into the toun
Withouten mark of editors' renoun,

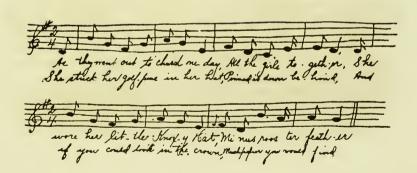
Doth sore perturben oure short wit for soth. Perchaunce the folk wol tak in tale oure youth. This leef at maist wol turn withouten peyne; Pass on, dere friends, ther nis namore to seyn.

A Day at M. B. S.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of life at the Sem, some hold so dear, On the third of September in nineteen - three The girls all came expecting to see Plenty of good times and many a spree. But alas and alack! these girls have found out That boarding - school life gives one the - gout. The hot-buttered rolls, with preserves and cheese. Such a rare combination Epicurus would please. Each morning, at seven, we're expected to rise; To tell the truth, we can scarce open our eyes. We somehow manage to put on our dresses, Then rush off to breakfast with our rooms simply messes. But all this is bliss compared with reciting. And the coming of mail is very exciting. To practice the scales is simply divine. (Some think the above is sarcasm of mine). Two hours of study we spend each night. But some for a while their letters did write. Till announcement was made that such acts were prohibited: The outcome of this has not been exhibited. Time for "lights out" is announced by the bell, But if all girls do it, I surely shan't tell. From this you may see the life of a day, And so think it wise no more to say. Except to bid all a hearty good - night, And to wish you sweet dreams and hope you'll sleep tight.

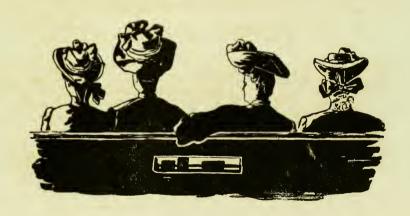
Edna Lorena Kerr.











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Graduates.



And now as you enter a broader sphere And duties grow with each coming year, May the cares that come as lightly fall As your silent footsteps in the hall.

Sweet and exact are the notes she plays, As her practice, in all her daily ways.

> As fresh and sweet, As prim and neat, As any graduate you'll meet.

Her songs will echo in our ears
To gladden all the future years,
And tho' about us on our way the golden notes
shall linger,
While heeding them, we safely say — we'll ne'er
forget the singer.



The youngest critic is not yet dead,
Nor the oldest colors faded,
For art can never be complete
Till Hill's last sketch is shaded.

With a skillful little brush Bessie strokes the willing paper Till the very corners blush.

A student rare, in all her ways, Throughout the span of schoolgirl days For Annie knows that study pays.

A faithful worker truly,
Her temper's not unruly,
For her disposition's sunny, so they say.
In ways so glad and cheery,
She lives to make us merry,
For she can't help being funny every day.

Gabriella, Gabriella,
On thy work thy fame depends.
Days are flying, time is dying,
On to-day the school life ends!



Class Prophecy.



T was many years after the day of our graduation. Since then I had experienced the cares and pleasures of half a lifetime, and had all but forgotten the months spent within the walls of our dear old Alma Mater, where by chance I went one night to hear a famous singer who had moved multitudes by her power. Not until she began her song did I fully recognize her, and then my thoughts flew back to the nights when Marie sang at school and when we nine stood on the rostrum together at M. B. S., our diplomas in our hands, life lying fair and beautiful before us. In the dream vista I saw again the old Grey Man of the North as he he had appeared to me in the gathering twilight of my last day at school, when he muttered strange words concerning the future that stretched out before each of us. What had happened to each since then? What glory or happiness had crowned those lives? Where were they? and did they remember? A sudden longing for them took possession of me and my resolve was fixed to find them or to hear from them.

The next morning I saw Marie and heard from her own lips the story of her life; it had been truly rich and full of opportunities. For years she had worked and studied and striven till cities and nations vied with one another in doing her homage. And not praise alone had her gifts brought forth; men had been drawn out of the very depths by the power of her music and the flood-gates of beauty and tenderness had been opened. O Wise Man of the

North, did your veiled prophecy contain anything of richer promise for our dark - haired Philomela than the reality holds?

The very next day my friend, the German professor, told me that Lillie had just returned from abroad, where she had been studying the languages and making researches in some old Anglo - Saxon manuscripts found in England. He spoke of her almost reverently.

"Her knowledge, it is immense," he said, "she leads in her branch always, her head is full of truth and she never forgets."

The picture gallery was open, and, allured by delightful memories and gay voices I made by way within. There I joined a crowd that was standing before a beautiful painting, the gem of the collection. I looked at it again with interest, for I knew the honored artist and the greatness of her fame, my old school-mate Hill, whose pictures and sketches are copied and sent throughout the country into the very homes where her sweet stories are read with eagerness and reread with lingering appreciation.

On my journey I spent the night in my old school town, and there where I had known her, I found Annie again. Married, of course, and a marvelously neat and well-kept home was the one to which she welcomed me, for she had carried into it the patience and determination which overcome all difficulties.

"Virginia!" I cried, as I stepped off the train at my next stopping place, "surely you are Virginia, your bright face betrays you." And I was right. She was married, too, and was making life a happy dream for the one whom she had captivated by her music and charmed by her winning ways years before.

"Where shall I go next?" I thought, when I left Virginia's merry home. I was anxious indeed to visit Gabriella in her Southern city, where she still rules as queen in her social circle, but learning that she was preparing to spend the winter in historic Rome, I went instead to the rolling West, where I found Bessie studying prairie life in all its phases, making drawings for a great history of the West to be issued in the spring. Well satisfied herself with her fame, what more could her friends wish for her.

As I was coming eastward a month later, a dainty little lady in brown slipped into a seat in front of me and dropped her traveling bag at her feet. The name painted on the end attracted me and in a few minutes I was listening eagerly as May told me of her successes and of the great audience she was to entertain that evening.

"Mildred, you have not changed," she said later. "But you have traveled now over nearly all the world and are still planning new trips. Where will your ambition end?"

"I wonder where," I answered, and the thought came back to me when I left her. Where will it end for each of us? We have, indeed, accomplished much; are there still greater things?

A halo seems to gather around my old companions as I see them again in fancy, and out of the mist about them the figure of the Grey Man of the North rises and stands before me once more, and as he points onward I look beyond into the realm his eyes are piercing,—lo! the sky is bright with glory and the morning's rosy tints have but melted into the purer golden clouds of evening; and all the way lies clear before us.

Elizabeth Matthews Sherrard.



A Horest Hantasy.

'T is in the heart of the forest. The trees throw shadows gaunt, As the moon shines softly through them. On the fairies' woodland haunt. The cricket pipes a signal, And now from far and near To join the joyous revel. The elfin bands appear. The first is Johnny - Jump - Up, With his splendid retinue, In violet velvet mantles, A princely sight to view. Who is this winsome lady, This dainty little fairy? The Oueen of all the Buttercups, In vellow robes so airy. The bands of sprightly Wildrose, And Marguerite so shy, With dainty Queen of Bluebells, Are softly drawing nigh. And there is Black - Eyed Susan, Snap - Dragon is her lover, And as she trips adown the glen, His fairies round her hover. At length they all are gathered On the mossy bank of the stream, Awaiting their lovely leader, The beauteous Fairy Queen. The pale moonlight grows paler, A horn sounds, faint and clear, As on a slanting moonbeam,

The Queen and her elves appear.
With a clear, sweet sound of bugles,
They touch the mossy mound.
The fairies all sway gently
And gracefully to the ground.
Amid a sudden silence.

Is heard the sighing breeze.

The song of Zephyretta,

As she wanders through the trees.

The gurgling stream is singing,

As it glistens in light of the moon,

And ripples caressingly over

The mossy steps of stone.

The silence is broken by elf - horns,
The Fairy Oueen raises her wand,

Her maidens leap to their places,

A dazzling circle round. They dance the fairy scarf-dance,

Their scarfs of moonbeams bright,

A glistening, swaying circle, In dark and gloom of night.

The waiting bands of elfins,

Bluebell and Wildrose nink.

Bluebell and Wildrose pink, With Black - Eyed Sue and Daisy,

Trip to the streamlet's brink;

There they dance until old Bull-Frog, With a croak so hoarse and deep,

Jumps from the water below them, With a fierce and sudden leap.

In the twinkling of an eye,

The elves have vanished from sight,

The streamlet sleeps in the light of the moon, This peaceful summer night.

Lola Kerr.

To Mr. Arista Hoge, to Mr. H. L. Lang, to Mr. H. D. Murray, and Mr. Albert Shultz, who kindly offered prizes for the best story, the best essay, the best poem, and the best drawing, respectively, for the Bluestocking of 1904, the Editors extend hearty thanks, also to the judges who made the decisions.

The prize for the best story, "A Daughter of the South," was awarded to Miss Hill Miller Carter; for the best essay, "May Day," to Miss Elizabeth Matthews Sherrard; for the best poem, "The Advent of Winter," to Miss Cornelia Morgan; for the best drawing, the Poster frontispiece, to Miss Hill Miller Carter.

A Daughter of the South.



HE sun had set some time ago behind the purple mountains, but the west still glowed like a beautiful pale opal. Nearby might be heard the flutter of wings, and the soft cooing of the plumy people as they settled themselves and their young for the night. Far away the dusky silence was broken by the irregular tinkling of the cow-bells, mingled now and then with the songs of laborers plodding home after the day's toil.

The two standing on the porch of an old Southern home, listened in silence to the sounds dying away in the distance, and thoughtfully watched the west grow dark. Then the girl placed her hands lightly upon her companion's shoulders, and turned him around.

"There," said she, "look over your left shoulder at the new moon, and make a wish."

The man looked at the silver crescent a moment, then taking the girl's slight hands in his, he smiled into her eyes, and said:

"You want your cousin Emily and me to be good friends, real, sure enough fast comrades, and as I can't promise to like a person I've never even seen, I'll wish to like her, little woman, just for your sake."

"That's a good boy!" cried Anne, in a gay, careless tone, but the look and touch of the man before her made her tremble with happiness. Fearing to betray herself, she was glad of a diversion, which appeared in the shape of her younger sister, who The mob had turned at the first sound of the voice. Now it was absolutely quiet. The victim of their rage was left on the ground, and two hundred men gathered around the girl on the porch. Her voice became lower.

"Go to your homes, now, and to-morrow you shall have such increase in your pay as my father can afford. Pray God to forgive you for this night's work."

The mob that ten minutes ago had been the impersonation of fury, turned with low mutterings, and shuffled off into the darkness. The figure on the porch covered her face with her hands for a second, then flew to the prostrate form lying some distance from the house.

"Oh! she cried; suppose he is dead! It was all I could do. I had to pacify the mad creatures or they would have killed him then and there. I couldn't snatch him away from them. Is he dead!"

A wild scream roused Anne to the fact that she was surrounded by her aunt, her little sister, and Emily. With another scream, Emily fell to the ground, moaning:

"My Harold! - dead - dead!"

With superhuman strength Anne lifted the body of the man and partly carried, partly dragged it into the summer house nearby, and tenderly lowered it to the floor, supporting the head on her breast. The little sister had followed, and Anne, seeing her, faltered:

"Betsy, there is still a little life. Get the horse, darling, and go for Dr. Wayne. It is just two miles, and God will keep you, if it is dark, and you are a little girl."

That was all that was needed. In an incredibly short time the doctor arrived. He made a careful examination and said there was some serious injury of the chest, and if the body were moved a hemorrhage might follow that would prove fatal. A powerful stimulant was administered and the doctor sat down to await developments. He was so motionless that Anne, losing consciousness of his presence, was alone with the man whose soul hovered between earth and eternity. Now that everything was quiet, deadly quiet, and Harold was breathing regularly, she composed herself and thought over the day, from the

departure of her father to the horrible sensation she felt when the torch glared upon Harold's set face; then the mad rush for the porch; the appeal to the mob: the limp body: the scream, ah! the scream - how it smote her! So suddenly, so startlingly, was it all revealed to her. Emily's soul was in that heart-broken cry. How Anne's whole being went out toward her cousin that night! How she regretted that such pure affection should be centered upon a man who belonged to another. and that the other should be she - and so she wandered on. The doctor came and looked at the patient, shook his head, administered the opiate, then sat down again. Her arm! how tired it was! - it was quite stiff and numb, and the shoulders and back - they were nearly broken - would she hold out? Can she stand the strain longer? Yes, twice, three times, as long, for what does not depend upon her! How cold she is getting! - the dampness seems to enter her very bones - but she does not care. All is forgotten. In the pale light she looks at the face pillowed on her breast, then up at the stars, and is happy. At last the first streak of day appears, the doctor looks at his patient, and his face beams.

"He is much better: he should be moved at once."

Blankets are brought, and Harold is lifted tenderly and carried into the house. For days the life hangs as by a slender thread, and the patient raves in delirium. Anne is constantly near him, and we may not try to describe her feelings, when, in his wildest ravings, his cry is always "Emily!" or, when in the snatches of natural sleep, she stoops to hear the whispered word, and it is "Emily." Her woman's heart was rent in twain, but she had a work to do. For six long weeks she watched and nursed, and when at the end of that time Harold was convalescent, she proposed that Emily should read to him. The two were thrown much together, but they seemed strange, and constrained, not happy. Annie, seeing this, understood. One evening, as the two sat together in their usual silence, Anne came into the room, walked directly toward them, and, placing their hands together, exclaimed:

"You foolish creatures!" 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' Harold, if you have not told Emily on my account, I am sorry. Ours was a child's affair. When we were twelve, we were sweethearts, dear, but now — Be happy, children, because —" A fit of coughing ensued, (she had had it ever since that night in the summer house), and the sentence was never finished. With a gay smile she vanished, and left the two in paradise. But where did she go? Only the stars saw the scalding tears that night; only the trees heard the whispered words, as, sitting before the window, the girl poured out her soul to nature and to God.

"He will be happy and that ought to content me. But oh! it is hard. I am glad he will never know, and they will — We were sweethearts at twelve—that was true. I may tell God and these insensible trees and stones that He will be my soul's soul throughout eternity." The head dropped upon the folded arms, and Anne slept.

* * * * * * * *

The winter has gone, and the flowers are budding and blooming for the wedding that is soon to take place at the mansion. Anne, who all winter has been racked by a stubborn cough, seems to improve. She assists in the many preparations for the wedding, and willingly agrees to play the wedding march for Emily and Harold. The day came at last, and Anne gaily placed the last rose in the bride's veil, then hurried down to begin the march of Lohengrin. During the ceremony her fingers caressed the keys, and the soft notes of "Oh, Promise Me," rise and fall, die almost away, then melt into the old strain "Sometime We'll Understand." An angel seems to have breathed into the instrument. On and on the musician plays, unconscious of everything. She is aroused by her little sister tugging at her arm:

"Come on, Anne; they are going."

She looks around. She wanders vaguely out upon the porch, and hears Emily bid her "Goodby." Then she hears Harold say:

"Just for the sake of the time we were twelve," and, stooping he lays a kiss lightly on her blonde hair. She smiles and sinks down upon the steps. The carriage drives off. The people tramp into the house. She is left alone. She leans against the post, and looks smilingly into the twilight west. The afterglow is fading and darkness is stealthily creeping over the earth. She looks up into the sky, and there is the silver cresent, and in the distance is the sound of cow-bells, mingled with the songs of laborers.

The head droops low upon the breast; there is a deep, dark stain upon the white scarf. The spirit has flown to the place where "Sometime We'll Understand."

Hill Miller Carter.



In school there many cases be,
Take care!
In every corner one you'll see,
Beware! Beware!
Get thee out,
You'd better flee!

There's Em J., with her hair of brown,
Take care!
She glances at you with a frown,
Beware! Beware!
Pussy's there!
Time to flee!

There's Rosa with her hair of gold,
Take care!
Her glance at you is very cold,
Not wanted there!
There's Claude's light hair!
Again you flee!



Next loving couple to be seen
By thee!
Are Fannie H. and Elovine.
Ah me! Just see!
You'd better flee!
It's up to thee!

Who's Alma got a case upon?
Why M. H. Turk!

It's really getting to be fun.
In dark they lurk!
Ah! go away!

You should not stay!

Now, tell me where we are to flee,
For peace!
In every nook a case you'll see.
They do not cease!
In fact increase!
Day after day.

Ada and Em have a recent case,
A few weeks old!

None the less it deserves a place.
It should be told,
For't is not cold;

At least, not yet!

Bert and Edna are bad enough,
Take care!
There's danger of my writing rough.
Beware! Beware!
Poetess fair!
Enough's enough!

I merely mention one more case,

Just one!

Marie and Bonnie are in the race.

My rhyme is done!

It's all in fun!

And I must run!

Lola Kerr.

Calendar---1903-04.

SEPTEMBER.

3rd - School opens.

11th — Musicale by Miss Topping, Miss Gleitsmann, Miss Parsons, and Miss Frost.

18th - Y. W. C. A. Reception.

OCTOBER.

4th - Miss Baldwin's Birthday --- Sunday.

5th - Holiday.

10th - First meeting of the M. B. Literary Society.

18th - The Delta Sigma Phi reorganized.

24th - "Witches' Night."

31st - Y. W. C. A. Street Fair.

NOVEMBER.

6th - Tally-ho party to Chrysanthemum Show.

7th - Recital by Miss Frost.

26th - Thanksgiving Day --- Boxes and feasts galore.

27th - Entertainment --- Benefit King's Daughters' Hospital.

28th - Harvest Home Festival.

DECEMBER.

4th - "The Honeymoon.

11th - Prof. Eisenberg's Soiree.

23rd - Christmas Holidays begin.

30th - "The Greatest Thing in the World."

JANUARY.

4th - School re-opens.

8th - The P. C.'s organized.

16th - The "Owls" reorganized.

19th - General Lee's Birthday --- Opera House.

20th - Oyster Supper --- Literary Society.

22nd - "Miss Satan."

29th - Prof. Hamer's Soiree.

30th - The first and only sleigh-ride of the season.

FEBRUARY.

19th - Dramatic Recital by Miss Frost's pupils.

MARCH.

4th - Miss Parsons' Soiree.

18th - Miss Frost's Soiree.

19th - Montaville Flowers in "Ben Hur," Y. M. C. A.

20th - Miss Blodgett begins a series of Bible Lessons.

24th—Soiree---Pupils of Miss Topping, Miss Gleitsmann, and Prof. Beardsworth.

25th - Holiday --- "The Crucifixion," Trinity Church.

28th - Miss Blodgett's departure.

31st - Easter Holidays begin.

APRIL.

4th - Hurrah for Weyer's Cave!

MAY.

21st - Art Exhibition.

22nd - Baccalaureate Sermon.

23rd - Commencement Soiree.

24th - Closing Exercises.

The Baldwin Bell(e).



H, dear!" said the tired bell at half-past six one morning. "I see Aunt Margaret poking down the covered way this very minute; she's slow enough, but I know just what she wants. She will jerk my rope and beat my tongue from side to side till my throat is sore and bruised, and the worst of it is, I know the belles won't wake; they must be late for breakfast anyway."

At 7:28 the belle opened her sleepy eyes. I am so tired!" she cried; "I think it is horrid to make us get up so early; I feel positively spiteful, about it, too."

At 7:30 Barbara rang the bell spitefully, and four minutes later the spiteful belle swept into the dining room.

At 8:05 the mail appeared, and the belle spent the next half-hour in useless bawling for home, and for the pleasure of the balls her best friend had just written her she was enjoying; but the bawl of the bell sounded loud, and the belle, making her bed as she rushed by, arrived in chapel for once on time.

Just as the bell flung its notes out upon the morning air, for the next half hour, the belle flung her notes out upon the chapel floor, and thereby earned five demerits from Miss M. No use to mourn over it after the deed was done, she thought, but she mentally resolved she would be good all the rest of the week. But her case was in the Infirmary, alas! and just as she started into French she had an opportunity of getting some word to her; so the belle

forgot the message of the bell in delivering her own message, and what Mademoiselle said had best be left unwritten.

Two hours later: "What's the matter with the bell? Won't it ring, Miss S.?"

"Well, yes, it'll ring, but I think it needs more rope," replied Miss S.

"Look at that belle running across the yard; why can't she be more dignified?" demanded a teacher.

"Oh, there's little the matter, but I think she needs more rope."

"You don't mean attachments, I suppose, (sarcastically); "there are six at least running to meet her now."

"Perhaps the attachments of the belle are like the attachments of the bell; they are neither strong nor long," replied the other, mingling much truth thereby with the pun.

Dinner over, a crowd gathered on the back gallery to wait for the mail.

"I am so tired," said the bell at walking time, "these rings are growing monotonous."

"I shall skip walking," announced the belle; "I am very tired, besides I want to fix my rings this evening, and change one, too."

"Ding-dong," cried the bell at seven, "now it is time for study-hall," and oh, dear! wailed the belle, "now two hours of that detestable study-hall! I shall write a letter to my suitor."

"Let's give the bell a big red bow to-night; 't will be improving, and, see; let's stuff the bell with paper, as the belle does her Knox hat, and then we'll have some fun."

"All right, then, to-night at twelve be ready," and so the two conspirators parted.

From 9 to 9:40 the belle made calls and told over the experiences of the day. Just at ten, however, the wagging tongue of the bell proclaimed the hour for the belle to stop wagging her tongue. The lights went out, the doors were closed, and a solemn quiet settled once more over the seminary.

Elizabeth Matthews Sherrard.

Tales of a May Girls Have.

Ye maidens good of Baldwin's, with loving hearts and true, Who stand by the bold delinquents, who still have stood by you, Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care, A tale of what we once have borne, of what we yet may bear. This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine, Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine. Here in this very dining-room, under the evening sun, In sight of all the people, the naughty deed was done. Miss Claude still walks among us, who on that fearful day, Poured sugar on her napkin, and took it all away.

One more unfortunate,
All out of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Near met her death!

Pick her up tenderly,
Handle with care;
Poor little Evelyn,
Down Chapel stair.

The shadows fall on Baldwin's walls,
Those buildings grim, yet old in story:
'Tis Christmas Eve of Nineteen-Three,
No morrow's tasks to worry.
Blow, maidens, blow, as back from town you're hieing,
Blow, maidens; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear
Nelle starts the horns a-going!
O sweet and clear, as school they near,
The girls from Baldwin's faintly blowing!
Blow! Oh, hear Miss S. replying,
"Blow no more!" Answer girls, with sighing, sighing, sighing.

"O girls, the horns you asked to buy,
I ask you to deliver."
She doctored ever single horn,
The tooters gone forever.
Gone, maidens, gone, there is no sense in crying,
But still the echoes answer, with sighing, sighing,

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of this one little fault of little Miss Spear.
At breakfast each morning sure to be late,
And often acknowledged she'd not combed her pate;
Saturday mornings to office she'd go,
Because she just wouldn't hurry, you know.

Which shall it be?
Which shall it be?
I looked at Hill,
Hill looked at me.

To write, or not to write, that is the question:— Whether't is nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of a black-eyed teacher; Or to take pen against a sea of troubles, And by plain writing, end them? To write,—quite plain,—So it can be read,—can I, by this, say, I end,
The "squelching" and the thousand natural shocks
Our class is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To write,—quite plain!
So it can be read! perchance misspell;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that writing plain, misspelling may occur.
I think I'll shuffle off this mortal coil,
In that I cannot err.

Alma M. Cecil (may her cases cease)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace

And saw within the moonlight in her room,

Making it dark and filled with gloom.

A genie writing in a Black-Book old.

She gazed, and though her blood ran cold,

Yet to the presence in the room she said,

"What writest thou?" The monster raised its head,

And with a sneer, scornful and cruel,

Answered, "The name of cases in this 'ere school."

"Don't put me down!" cried Alma. "Pray, why not?"

Asked the genie. Alma grew quite hot,

And quickly said, "Because I say,

None of my cases last over a day."

The monster laughed and vanished. The next night It came again. Oh! what a fright! It showed the cases—quite a crop, Lo! Alma and Turkey were at the top.

The girls were in the burning room,
The night had almost fled,
The flame that lighted up the gloom,
Shone o'er them from the bed.

Yet beautiful and bright they stood,
As born to rule the roost,
"I think I'll close the transom, May,
O please give me a boost."

The flames rolled on — they would not go,
The fire they meant to quench;
A pair of blankets from their bed,
Right fiercely they did wrench.

May called aloud—"O Sue, tell me, How all this fire begun!" Said Sue—"I cannot answer thee, Till all my task is done."

"Speak, maiden!" once again May cried.
"How did this fire begin!"
"I think't was Carol," Sue replied,
"Who sinned this awful sin."

They pulled the charred things from the bed,
As soon as they could handle,
The cause of all the fire was found—
A single, half-burned candle.

O Carol! if we all had burned,
'T would all be on your head,
For leaving a lighted candle there,
In the middle of your bed.

Lola Kerr.

May Day.



MONG the old chronicles of Britain are found records of the "Beltein" or worship of Baal, when the people, led by their Druid priests, kindled great fires on the summits of the surrounding hills just as May eve ushered in the "merrie month." Even till 1790, these fires were built in the distant shires, and it is said by some that the Highland Scotch and the old Irish up to this day worship the sun on that one morning of the year. Gradually the old Roman festivity, the Floralia, was introduced into the island, until the adoration of Baal gave way almost entirely to the beautiful custom of celebrating with flowers and music and dancing the coming of the spring, when

"The trees be green, the fields be gay; The weather warm, the winter blast, And thou be come, O flow'ry May!"

The simple English folk, with their usual childish joy and simplicity, made the day one of general happiness to all, and entered into the sports with a zeal and enthusiasm that banished every dark cloud and every feeling of bitterness. Then they rose at midnight over three hundred years ago to "do the observance due to sprightly May," for

"May wole han no sloggardy anight,
The seauson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte."

After going from home to home, wishing the good people a "merry May," all hastened to the woods,

with the cool breeze upon their cheeks and the summer's fairest grasses under their feet. They plucked the brightest blossoms and the most perfect boughs, the sweetest flowers and the most tender vines, then with music and horns and loud singing, the procession brought their bounty into the village and wreathed their homes with garlands and branches, till the whole town became a veritable bower of fairyland. Polydore Vergil says that even the churches were adorned and not a shop or a hovel was left without some bit of green over the door to catch the eye of the great red sun as it rose from its bed of purple and gold.

This "fetching in the May" is the burden of Herrick's song in "Corinna's Going a Maying," where he returns in fancy to the primitive days of pastoral pleasures:

"Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street; each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love:
But, my Corinna, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding hoy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May,
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream.
And some have wept and woo'd and plighted troth
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go Maying."

Royalty, too, as was befitting its pomp and pride, observed the early morning for when Queen Guinevere, in the dim age of tradition and fable, sat lonely and disconsolate in the gray convent hall, her thoughts flew back to

"One morn, when all the court, Green-suited, but with plumes that mocked the May, Had been their wont a-Maying and returned,"

and how, "for the time was May time," they had ridden

"under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinths,
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the east."

Later on, in Chaucer's "Knightes Tale," Arcite rises with the busy lark, and as he makes his way to the grove near by, sings loud this song:

"agens the sonne scheene:
May, with alle thy floures and thy greene,
Welcome be thou, wel faire fressche May,
I hope that I som grene gete may!"

At the same hour the king, himself, Theseus, went forth, for Dryden, in his version of Chaucer's story, tells how

"This gentil knight, inspired by jolly May, Forsook his easy couch at early day, And to the wood and wilds pursued his way. Beside him rode Hippolita, the queen, And Emily, attired in lively green."

But it was when the sun rose on the villages decked and sweet that the real pleasure of the day began; then with much ceremony a Maypole was set up in the town square, and the young people vied with each other in crowning it with garlands. Sometimes a pole as tall as the mast of a sloop of fifty tons' weight, painted in spiral stripes of black and white, and supported by a heavy frame, was planted firmly in the ground and left alone and unthought of in beating rain and wintry snow till again, as Spenser's shepherds sing:

"Yougthes folke now flocken in every where To gather May bus-kets and smelling brere: And home they hasten the postes to dight, And all the Kirke pillours eare day light, With Hawthorne buds and swete Eglantine, And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine."

In other districts a smaller pole, cut for the occasion from the woods near by, was erected each spring in readiness for the happy time Kit Marlowe dreams of, when

> "The shepherd swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May morning."

The prettiest maiden in all the town was chosen to be Queen of the May, and dressed in flowers and bright garments, she led the merry dance and the youthful games, joining with her gay courtiers in making the mirth universal, for it was high treason to be sad on May day. Generally the villagers carried their queen home in a sort of triumphal procession when they returned in the morning from the forest, as Spenser has again described it:

"And home they bringen in a royall throne, Crowned as king; and his queene attone Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend A favre flocke of Faeries."

A king, however, was not often chosen by the people, though one youth was always found who considered it his privilege and prerogative to attend the beauteous queen, and on her head to place the crown of roses, herself the queen of the rosebud garden of girls. The very name

of queen was one much loved and cherished by the people; it embodied the idea of purity and soul beauty, so dear to them.

"Mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!"

Sings Edmund, in Scott's "Rokeby," and she was expected to be thus worthy in all ways of the honest love her subjects bestowed upon her, for that day, at least. It is not only the wail of a desolate shepherdess of the classic style and Golden Age that Fletcher portrays in his "Faithful Shepherdess;" it is also the cry of the true, loved English May Queen in sore distress:

"Now, no more shall these smooth brows be begirt With youthful carousals, and lead the dance; No more the company of fresh fair maids And wanton shepherds be to me delightful."

The citizens of London kept the day with great zeal and patriotism; they went out in parishes with their mayor and aldermen to gather flowers, that they might deck the grim old city in colors that it never thought of wearing at any other time of the year. In Hall's Chronicle is told the story of King Henry VIII, and Queen Katharine riding to Shooter's Hill, and of Queen Elizabeth with her court journeying to Greenwich, that they might both be with their country people and campare their observance of the day with the city manner of celebration. From the dances around the May-poles set up in various parts of the city grew the fashion of dressing in fantastic costumes for these festivities; of calling their queen Maid Marian, and her followers after the members of Robin Hood's band, who played so merrily in Sherwood forest, years before. Sometimes they dressed, too, as the fauns and satyrs and other devotees of Pan, like the very fairies, clad in skins of beasts and in garments like beautiful flowers, who gamboled around Titania and Oberon in "Mid Summer Night's Dream."

After a time, however, immorality crept into this as into all good old English customs, so that partly on this account and partly because it gave the people pleasure, the Puritans condemned the revelries and fought against them with all the power of their iron wills, till the days of the Commonwealth, when the strictest laws were made against the observance of May day. So in Milton's poetry there are found none of the fresh, gay love songs that characterized the Cavalier poets, Herrick and Marlowe; only one stanza, stately in movement, dignified and reserved in sentiment:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose:
Hail, beauteous May, that doth inspire,
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy blessing,
Hill and dale doth boast the blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

Far over in the New World at this time the same conflict was raging between the forces of light and darkness, as the stern New Englanders believed. "Bright were the days at Merry Mount," says Hawthorne, "when the May-pole was the banner-staff of that gay colony," for those who lived for pleasure had brought over with them all the joyous customs they had loved in the home land. This venerated emblem was a pine tree, very tall and slender, and on this particular May day, decorated with a silken banner of rainbow tints, from beneath which streamed birchen boughs and others of the "liveliest green and some with silvery leaves, fastened with ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers and blossoms of the wilderness laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine tree." Around it danced a wild throng, a second crew of Comus,

in skins and heads of wild beasts, and chief among them the Lord and Lady of the May, the airiest forms that ever trod on any more solid footing than a rosy cloud.

But just when their merriment was at its highest, there rushed in among them a band of Puritans, cold and harsh and hostile; men of iron and righteousness. With one blow of his keen sword the leader, Endicott, cut down the only May-pole in New England, and as it fell, tradition says, "the evening sky grew darker and the woods threw forth a more somber shadow."

With the Restoration came changes in this as in every other law of the Puritan regime. The enactments favoring May day made by James I. in his Book of Sports were again declared valid and lawful, and the court itself led in the furtherance of the ordinances.

This was the day of Tennyson's "May Queen," when black-eyed Alice bids her mother:

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year.
To-morrow 'll be of all the year, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

When the next New Year is coming up, she says:

"Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day; Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May; And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse, Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops."

Perhaps it was for these May days, too, sweet with the breath of pure air after the war-clouds had rolled on, that Kingsley longs when he sings in simple words, yet with a burden of meaning behind them:

> "Oh that we two were Maying Down the stream of the soft spring breeze; Like children with violets playing In the shade of the whispering trees."

But all these restored joys have now passed into the chronicles of history, with the simple, care-free love of harmless pleasures that blessed the country when men's hearts were young.

"What's not devoured by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand?"

asks William Bramston. Gone, all gone. Great Troy fell in flames and carnage, borne down by strategy and numbers; while the onward march of civilization, the changing customs, and the busier life has done away with the merry dances which even the strictest laws of Cromwell and his Parliament could not entirely suppress. In 1717 the last Maypole in London was taken into Essex by the Fellows of the Royal Society and used by them as support for the first great telescope of its kind built in England. This pole was one hundred feet in height and had been erected some years before, when Mrs. Montagu turned May day into a festivity for the sweeps of the town, when the richest maids, dressed as milkmaids, led in the games and presided over the great tables spread for the boys' feast. Since that day, when the May pole was removed, the custom has passed away. May's altar torn and destroyed, the worship of the goddess has also been forgotten.

But the love of May and the summer light and life it ushers in has never been blotted out of men's affections and never will be so long as the boys and girls of New England, stirred to warmer passions by the freshening of the winds, gather violets and buttercups, and filling their little birchen baskets, hang them on their sweethearts' door, and then run away for very joy; nor so long as the days and nights, worn with the weight of winter snows, pass on into the realms of summer beauty and leap up as young men to welcome the coming month. Still every heart would cry with Chaucer:

"When that the moneth of May is comen, and that I here the foules synge And that the flowers gynnen for to sprynge, Farwel my boke, and my devocioun!"

Elizabeth Matthews Sherrard.

The Advent of Winter.

In the days long ago, when the sun
Was content to smile down on the earth,
When all men were happy, and none
Knew aught but a joyous mirth,

A shadow came out of the north,

The sun looked away, and at morn

The grey day awoke to look forth

On the cradle where Winter was born.

A spirit came down; with his breath
He chilled all the bosom of earth,
And put all the flowers to death,
In token of sad Winter's birth.

And ever since then, every year
This spirit revisits our land,
And many and many a tear
Is shed at the touch of his hand.

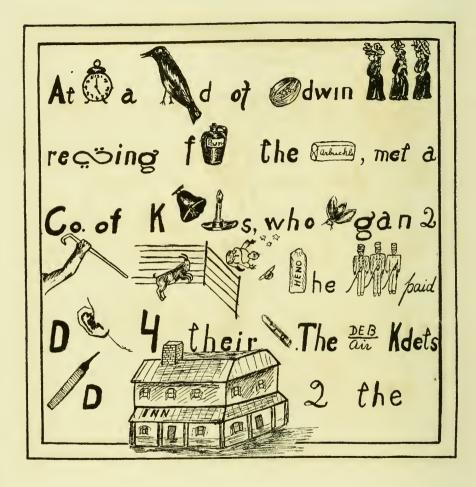
Gay Autumn, betrayed with a kiss,
Bows her head to the withering blast,
No longer to taste of the bliss
Of the long dreamy days of the past.

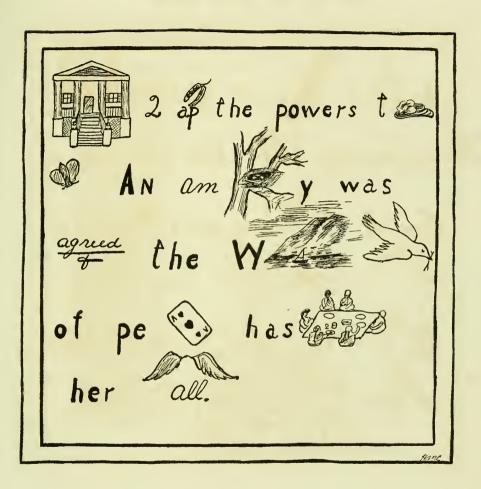
And the wind with wailing grieves
Where the little flowers sleep,
And gently piles the leaves
In a sad memorial heap.

And the years are troubled sore,
For the cold has come to stay.
The world will rue forevermore
Grim Winter's advent day.

Cornelia Morgan.







M. V. S. Fish Pond

Scene - Stream outside of Asylum wall; man on bridge fishing; insane patient on wall.

Insane Man.—" What are you doing"? Fisherman.—" Fishing." (long pause).

Insane Man.—"How long have you been there"? Fisherman.—"Four hours." (long pause).

The Pond	The Hook	Her Bait	What She Angled for	What She Caught	When it Landed
Brick House	Turkey	Popularity	Alma	The Same	"By Gum"
Leipsic	Katie B.	Music	A Title	Nary a Count	"A Trick of Fate"
Memorial	Claude	Kisses	"Miss Rose"	The Dickens	Silence
The M. B. S.	Josey	A Seraphic Smile	A Case	Lulie	" Oh, joy!"
The World	Marie	Goo-goo Eyes and Dimples	Fame	A Printer's Ink Rep.	"It's awfully kind of you to say so."
The Seminary	An Editor	Subscriptions	Money	Work	Brain Fever
Any Old Place	Mary D.	Pompadour	Rats	Mumps	Dead Swell
D. D. C.'s	Lucy D.	Peters	Friends	Toadies	American Beauties
Practise Room No.15	Alice W.	Common Sense	Aleda	Aleda	""
Chapel Hall	Sue	Baby Talk	Fun	Miss S.	Guess !
Library	Reba	German	Wisdom	The Gift of Gab	Pandemonium!
School	Ella	Beauty	Fraternity	"Innocuous desuctede"	Disappointment
Memorial	Ada	Style	Em.	Aleda	Bliss
The Literary Arena	Cornelia	Poetry	A Name	"Nothing but leaves"	"My prophetic soul!"
Sky-High	Nannie	Flying Flaxen Locks	Katie	A Cold Shoulder	"Well, kid, I don't see the joke!"
Chapel Hall	Nina Heflin	Dancing Eyes	Her Own Way	Bess B.	"Two 's a company"
Memorial	Pussy	Pussy, too	You Know	The Lion's Share	Spooning
Dining-Room	Mary Boyd Ayre	"Hot Air"	Long Dresses	Ridicule	"Just Fourteen."
Chapel Platform	Nelle T.	Pink Dress and Shepherdess Hat	Dramatic Laurels	?	"You did just beautifully!"

Insane Man.—" Have you caught anything?" Fisherman.—"No." (long pause).
Insane Man.—"Come on over."

Beau Tibbs at the Soiree.



HE people of Staunton are as fond of talking as our friends of Pekin of tea-drinking. One of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in winter, is to repair about nightfall to a chapel not far from Main Street; where they look about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the trustee, to be one of a party that was to attend an M. B. S. soirce; and at the appointd hour waited upon him at his residence. There I found the company assembled and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend, in superlative simplicity, his shoes shining, a Prince Albert coat, which was formerly new, and a stovepipe hat, which was carried with the utmost care; a certain widow, of whom, by the by, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in rustling silk, crepe de chene, and a hat of the Pauline type; Mr. Tibbs. the Staunton beau I have formerly described, together with his lady. Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. The two and a half cent rapid transit being out of order, and the swell equipages being in demand to meet the belated 6:45 train, the only thing possible was the walk down Main Street. We were entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a day pupil, that this was the last performance of Miss Blank's pupils, and consequently we should be pestered in the matter of getting desirable seats.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess that upon entering the chapel I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure; the lights glimmering everywhere through the barn-like structure; the full orchestra bursting on the stillness of the air, the natural hum and chatter in the more retired parts of the gallery, the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the stage spread with Mr. Kibler's floral decorations,—all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian law-giver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration.

"Head of Confucious!" cried I to my friend, "This is fine. This unites youthful beauty with undue strictness. If we might converse with the maidens that sit on every circus bench, and catch the eye at every turn. I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's Paradise!"

"As for maturity," cries my friend, "it is true that it does not much abound at the seminary; but if maidens, as plenty as apples in autumn can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for paradise."

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to discover, if possible, the greatest pompadour in all the array before us. The widow insisted on moving her seat nearer the front to secure a good view of the play, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at the furthest. We adjourned to the middle aisle to try if there was any seat to be had there that was supportable, but a new distress arose: for though we were convinced of our own dignity, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the day pupils to be of our opinion; they chose to occupy the chief seats despite more dignified company. At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with programmes of the evening.

The widow found the readings and playing excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs had been too often, and thought everything detestable.

"Come, come, my dear," whispered the husband," by way of consolation, "to be sure we can't find such acting here as we have from the University Dramatic Club, but for amateur acting it is pretty good."

"It is not their acting, indeed, I find fault with," replied Mrs. Tibbs, but their scene-shifter, Coleman; he is most gawky."

The widow now perceived that she had been too lavish in her praise, from the view-point of a Staunton audience, since she had applauded loudly a violin solo and laughed at a funny recitation; she was therefore content to take the hint and for the rest of the night not to applaud, whatever else she did. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess that she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable dignity. She once praised the dress of one of the girls who was playing, but was soon shown that it was stitched with red silk, and that such disregard of rules ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction.

The next thing on the programme were the tableaux. These were motionless as statues. Every feature, every line, seemed to correspond in fixed attention; and while the calcium lights continued, they remained in a state of universal petrifaction. On these pleasing spectacles we had continued looking for some time, when a commotion in the gallery announced the fact that the electrical engineering was at fault. In the darkness that ensued I could instantly perceive the widow jump from her seat; but, collecting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the same extinction a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued looking through her glasses at the platform. The black shadows cast by the chandeliers, made strange streaks on the white tableaux, and the widow could not suppress her disappointment, for she had talked of this part of the performance the whole evening before.

And now the curtain was drawn again, this time disclosing the one and only act of Miss Blank's successful play. Words fail to describe the varied impressions left upon our company by this specimen of acting.

"Who wrote the Shakespeare plays?" formed the basis of argument in the court room over which Portia presided. Mr. Tibbs agreed with the hoarse Marcus Antonius, but the widow and the trustee differed concerning the respective merits of Hamlet's weighty evidence and that of Lady Macbeth. It is hard to say where this might have ended had not the play come to a sudden end. Mr. King then came to inform us that the soiree was over already. "That's impossible!" cried the widow, but a glance confirmed the dismal tidings; to the music of the orchestra the occupants of the circus benches were disappearing through a rear door. In short, the chapel was soon cleared, and as we were preparing to go home, we were reminded to hasten our departure by the loud ringing of the light bell.

Cornelia Morgan.



SORORITIES



BossicHoge





Kappa Delta Phi.

COLORS: Black and Gold. FLOWER: Black-Eyed Susan.

YELL.

Kai, yi, Kai yi!
Kip gosh tie!
Kappa Delta, Kappa Delta!
Kappa Delta Phil

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Blov	ine Burruss,			 				V	Vil	m	ington	, North	Carolina
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Delta Sigma Phi.

Alpha Chapter,

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6	Bessie Osb	orn, .													ľ	le.	w Jerse	y
3	Mary Hous	ton T	url	ι, .													Virgin	ia
5	Ella Snide:	r Van	H	or	n,					 							. Kansa	as







Delta Delta Sigma.

MOTTO:

It was to be, it is, and ever will be.

COLORS:

FLOWER:

Forget-me-Not.

YELL.

Blue and Gray.

Sip, Sip, Seven, Rip, Rip, Roar! Delta Delta Sigma, "Naughty" Four."

+ Beryl Hutton,									W	'es	t	V	irginia
2 Nina Leonard Heflin, .													Texas
6 Bonnie Juanita Dulaney,													Texas
1 Sue Vernon Turner,													Texas
7 Edna Lorena Kerr,													
3 Annelle Varner,													
5 Lola Kerr,													







\

Карра АІрра Ді.

Founded October 5th, 1902.

MOTTO:

Cotidie, hodie, et semper.

FLOWER:

COLORS:
Blue and Gold.

Hi, Hi, Hi, Kappa Alpha Pi! Razzle, Dazzle, Zip, Boom, Bah, Kappa Alpha Pi.

YELL.

6 Mildred Fowler,	ton, D. C.
7 Nelle Thomason,	Alabama
2 Ora Westgate,	. Kansas
3 Bertie Gold,	. Virginia
1 Carrie Baker,	
3 Anna Rose Cohn,	. Virginia
Fannie Heiberger,	ton, D. C.







Beta Sigma Omicron.

Inta Chapter,

[Organized in Columbia, Missouri, in 1888.]

YELL.

Toxa, Toxa, Toxa, Ton!
Beta Sigma Omicron.

MEMBERS.

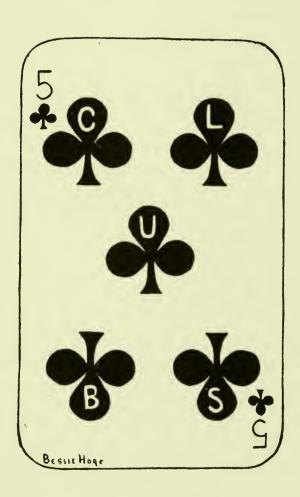
5 Nelle J. Smith,						Missouri							
+ Lucy D. Penn,						North Carolina							
2 Sue L. Smith,						Kentucky							
3 Susie Lee McElroy, .						Virginia							
6 Florence J. Shepard, .						Missouri							
1 Mattie Irvin Penn,						North Carolina							
CHAPTERS.													
Syndical College, -			-			- Fulton, Missouri							
Harding College, -		-		-		- Mexico, Missuri							
Stephen College, -			-	-		- Columbia, Missouri							
	-					Nashville, Tennessee							
Sedalia High School.	_	_		-	-	Sedalia, Missouri							

Pueblo High School, -

Pueblo, Colorado











a. (b. 11.

COLOR.		FLOWER.
Red.		Carnation.
	OFFICERS.	
s Rosa Munger		President
10 Em Jones,		Secretary and Treasurer
	MEMBERS.	
Mary Turk,	4 Alma Cecil,	• Charlotte Miller,
11 Ann Bell Patt	eson,	² Aleda Tenney,
12 Alice Wenger,	10 Em Jones,	Martha Young,
	s, IB	
7 Elovine Burruss,	s Rosa Mung	er, Lucy Bowles
		u Ella Van Horn







团. 团. ①.

(Founded 1902.)

MOTTO:

Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first.

COLORS:

Black and Red.

FLOWER:

American Beauty.

YELL.

Gho-ra-gee!
Hit-to-tee!
Hoy-yo! Hoy-yo!
D. D. C.!
Rah!!

OFFICERS.

7 Arline Newell Engart,
MEMBERS.
³ Claude Cecilia Coleman,
Marguerite Atlee Coleman, Texas
Lucile Newsome Dougherty, Texas
7 Arline Newell Engart, Virginia
Margaret Chadwick Heck, North Carolina
² Lilla Kirk Martin, South Carolina
9 Winifred Patteson Morris, Delaware
Nelle Hayes Nicholson, Delaware
8 Gertrude Louise Rubel,
10 Katherine Goode Shuey, Washington, D. C.
Laura Williams







Glee Club.

Carrie Baker, Kitty Burnett, Bertie Gold, Ethel Haynes,

Bessie Heard, Kate Johnston, Hortense Loeb, Ethel Lynn Murphey, Mary Nesbitt,

> Mrs. McCoy, Mary Opula Price, Lucy Penn, Marie Ramsey, Page Stone,

Henrietta Wilder,

Katherine Betts, Isabelle Crenshaw,

Beryl Hutton, Nina Heflin, Katherine Heard,

> Marie Keller, Kate Leftwich.

> > Emily Pancake. Fanny Pancake. Mattie Irvin Penn.

Mildred Ruddell. Mary Shields,

Inez Wilhoit, Sue Turner.



President,			 					, ,							Ale	eda	Te	rn	су
Tresurer, .												1	An	ın	Ве	11 I	at	tes	oπ
Secretary.																Ma	rv	Tu	ırk

Alice Wenger, Irene Bo
Elovine Burruss, Alma G
Em Jones, Ashl
Annie Coiner, Vi
Arline Engart, Bertie Gold,
Ella Hammond,
Ethel Haynes,
Eleanor Kilpatrick,
Hilda Morris,
Louise Nairn,
Marie Ramsey,
Sue Smith,

Henrietta Wilder,

Irene Bowles,
 Alma Cecil,
 Ashby Camp,
 Virna Colby,
 Mildred Fowler,
 Fannie Heiberger,
 Ella Van Horn,
s, Ethelyn King,
lpatrick, Charlotte Miller,
orris, Rosa Munger,
Nairn, Bessie Osborn,
e Ramsey, Florence Sheppard,
e Smith, Irene Spear,
Carol Warren, Elizabeth Wetmore.







FLOWER:

Moon Flower.

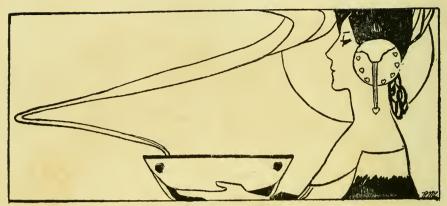
COLOR:

Grey and White.

PASSWORD:

"Up all night."

"Lit" Cecil, "Kitty" Miller, "Polly" Wenger, "Balloona" Colby, "Zip" Munger, "Tangle" Jones, "Turkey," "Pussy" Patteson.



FFC

COUNTERSIGN:	COLORS:
O, Fudge!"	Chocolate and Cream.
Emmie Jones, Alice Wenger,	Collector

Irene Bowles, Elovine Burruss, Alma Cecil, Ashby Camp, Annie Coiner, Virna Colby, Fanny Heiberger, Ella Van Horn, Charlotte Miller, Hilda Morris, Rosa Munger, Bessie Osborn, Ella Hammond, Marie Ramsey.



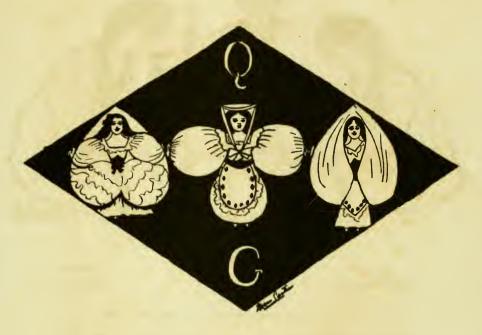


OFFICERS.

President, - - - Henrietta Wilder Treasurer, - - - Adelaide Nix Seargent-at-Arms, - - Elizabeth Wetmore

MEMBERS.

Emily D. Illingworth, - - New Jersey
Laura Shallcross Cochran, - New York
Adelaide Davidson Nix, - - New York
Margaret E. Moore, - - Ohio
Elizabeth Stuart Wetmore,
Henrietta Maynard Wilder, - California



Aleda Tenney, Ann Bell Patteson, Mary Turk,

Virna Colby.

Alice Wenger, Em Jones, Rosa Munger,



Black and Gold.

FLOWER:

Tiger Lily.

MOTTO:

Never leave for to-morrow what you can eat to-day.

Kathryn Florence Heard,	"Grandma"
Carrie Valette Baker,	"Spider"
Nina Stigler Heard,	"Cissy"
Anna Hilda Umbach,	
Floyd Annette Mabry,	"Fritz"
Edna Doro Umbach,	
Bessie Heard,	
Ora Avanelle Westgate,	. "'Taters"

Mandolin Club.

Adelaide Nix,
Beulah Baker,
Anna Mae Erb,
Nan Morgan,
Em Jones,
Fannie Heiberger,
Marguerite Coleman.

Basket Ball Team.

CRACKERJACKS.

Ge hee! Ge ha!
Ge ha! ha! ha!
Baldwin Crackerjacks!
Vir-gin-i-a.

M. H. Turk, Captain.

> E. Jones, Referee.

F. Heiberger, Umpire.



C. Coleman, .						L. F.				. Irene Bowles,
A. Wenger, .						L.G.				A. Tenney,
B. Gold,						R.F.				G. Rubel,
B. Osborn,						R.G.				A. B. Patteson,
E. Moffett,						C. F.				R. Munger,
M. Turk,						C. G.		 ,		. E. Van Horn,
E. Hammond.						Sub.				. M. V. Colby.





Golf Club.

Rosa Munger, Mary Turk, Elovine Burruss, Alma Cecil, Ashby Camp, Irene Bowles, Mildred Fowler, Laura Williams, Winifred Morris, Em Jones,
Aleda Tenney,
Ella Van Horn,
Charlotte Miller,
Alice Wenger,
Bessie Osborn,
Claude Coleman,
Nelle Nicholson,
Ann Bell Patteson,

Tennis Club.

Alice Wenger, Aleda Tenney, Mary Turk, Charlotte Miller. Fannie Heiberger, Alma Cecil. Ann Bell Patteson, Em Jones, Susie Lee McElroy. Sue Smith. Ashby Camp, Ella Van Horn. Ella Hammond, Irene Bowles. Hilda Morris, Bessie Osborn, Lucy Penn. Mattie Penn, Bertie Gold.



Claude Coleman, Nell Smith. Florence Sheppard, Marie Ramsey, Henrietta Wilder. Adelaide Nix. Margaret Moore, Ada Heller, Elizabeth Wetmore, Laura Cochran, Mildred Fowler, Katherine Shuey. Louise Shields, Elsie Moffett, Arline Engart, Annie Vineyard, Ethel Haynes, Rosa Munger. Sue Turner.

y. w. c. A.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

President,		٠						•			Josephine Woods
Vice-President,											Alma Cecil
Secretary,											Cornelia Morgan
Treasurer											Ressie Sherrard

During the past summer the Association was represented at Asheville for the first time in years; the delegates chosen were Margaret Kable and Josephine Woods. At the fall term they came back to us. enthusiastic and ready for the work. From their reports we learned that more things were done in other associations than we had dreamed of; our eyes were opened to budgets, policies, poster committees, and the like, and we saw how ignorant we had been. We were then confronted by the new policy, and the things there "purposed" seemed very great, indeed, and hard to expect; but all things have worked together for good. Our membership has more than doubled that of last year, and financially we are at least unembarassed. More interest has been taken in mission study, and the Missionary Society and mission study classes, both under the leadership of Miss Riddle, have been an inspiration to the entire school. Miss Blount added to the missionary zeal by her visit, and all departments of the Association were encouraged by the few days that Miss Coale spent among us. The event of the year was Miss Blodgett's visit, - but we could never crowd it into this one page, - and we girls shall not torget it. Let us think of it this summer as we think of our representatives at Asheville, and thank God for fulfilling our policy for 1903-4.

Alumnæ Association.

President, . . . Mrs. Nellie Hotchkiss McCullough, Staunton, Virginia Corresponding Secretary, . Miss Margaret McChesney, Staunton, Virginia Recording Secretary, . . Miss Kate E. Eichelberger, Staunton, Virginia Treasurer, Miss Janet K. Woods, Staunton, Virginia

The Annual Meeting of the Alumnæ Association will be held on Friday, May 20th, at eleven o'clock, in the Library, when officers will be elected for the ensuing term.

Responses are expected to the five thousand copies of an appeal for raising five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00) to endow the Alumnæ Scholarship, which have been sent to all former pupils and the families of those deceased wherever their addresses are known.

With an admission fee of one dollar, and annual dues of fifty cents each ensuing year, it seems possible for all old Seminary girls to join this Association, to whom a cordial invitation is extended to become members and "lend a hand."



The Secret.

From the region beyond the mountains,
Where my heart is ever turning,
From the no-land among the fountains,
Where the sunset glow is burning,
I learned a beautiful secret
In my childhood's days of play,
Dropped perchance by guardian angels
Keeping watch upon my way.

But I lost it mid the pleasures
When the world around me twining
Bade my heart choose earthly treasures
From her store so rich and shining.
I forgot the precious secret
In those youthful days of joy
Spellbound in the thrall of fancy,
Happy in my new found toy.

It came again with the midnight
When my weary heart was breaking,
And the darkness feared the light
Of my troubled soul's awaking;
For I learned the secret truly,
And its message, sweetly lent,
Greets me in each hour of trial,
In the one sweet word—Content.

Cornelia Morgan.

In Memoriam

Creel C. H. Cinder

Born November 4, 1984 Died July 4, 1983

In Coving Memory of Creel C. H. Tinder.

"Early, bright, transient,
Chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled,
And went to heaven."

NCE more we mourn a vacancy in our school-home. Creel, one of our brighest and best, has passed on to be crowned with the honors that fade not. It may be truly said that there never lived a more conscientious student, a more loving and forgiving disposition, a purer and more earnest soul—a soul transparent as a sunbeam; yielding, yet firm, when it came to a distinction between right and wrong. Her ideal was so exalted that she taxed the frail body to the utmost to reach heights unattainable, save in the endless life. A lover of music, to it she devoted her greatest and most faithful efforts. With sympathetic joy we saw her obtain the honors that brightened the last year of her life. When,—just as she reached the goal,—the summons came, "Child, come up higher."

In Memoriam

Mrs. R. S. Hamilton

Born December 19, 1846 Died August 6, 1903

S we go about our daily duties, we miss one who was very dear to us in the days gone by. She is lovingly remembered as one of the "old girls," but for the last eight years her life was spent in sharing the heavy responsibilities of the principals, Miss Baldwin, then Miss Weimar. So capable a worker was she, that many of the heavy burdens were lightened without the knowledge of her friends, and only now that her place is vacant, is it possible to know how large a part she played in the school life. She was a great sufferer, too, and how few ever knew of the sleepless nights, or guessed that under her beautiful patience was hidden an agony of pain. She was loved for her cheery disposition and true Christian character, which shone out in a way that drew all about her. Teachers and girls alike, miss the influence of her cheerful words and the encouragement so readily given, and our sorrow is ever before us. Our full hearts are the only tribute we bring, as we pass that old familiar room on the back porch.

"Were it ours, we would close the shutters
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fires should wind it,
This corpse of a room that is dead.

For it died that August morning
When she, its soul was borne,
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn."

My Sweetheart.

She aint no classic learnin'
This lady that I know;
But her voice is full of tenderness,
Her face is all aglow.

And when she lays her lovin' hand
Upon my throbbin' head,
It aint but jest a little while
Till all the ache has fled.

Her face it is so beautiful
With its great big, glowin' eyes,
That look like angels' forget-me-nots
Dropped down from the skies.

She's jest a gentle angel,
Strayed down from Heaven above,
To teach me all the holiness
And purity of love.

In all this great big, whirlin' world,

To me they aint no other

As can compare with my sweetheart —

My own dear, darlin' mother.

Lola Kerr.

Mouseid.

Of mice and of ladies I sing,
Of one lady who attempted to bring
To an end the unrelenting hate
With which womankind pursues the mouse's race.
My Muse, I pray that thou wouldst give me glory,
As I truthfully relate this mournful story.

As Chlorinda was going down the hall one day, A mouseling she chanced to spy on her way. Now, this little mouse, on his way to a feast, (Let us hope not at midnight, at least,) Had met with a mishap, either great or small, Which mishap, however, he kept secret from all. Ah! poor mouschen! not so sad was thy fate As that of some girls who feast out too late. Remember, great rats may well venture more, But such little mice should keep near the shore.

As soon as Chlorinda the little mouse finds, (For pity runs soonest in gentle minds)
She placed him upon his feet; but,—especially at night,—
Is it hard for an empty mouse to stand upright.
This mouse lay as still after toppling o'er,
As a painted mouse upon an oiled floor.
That she carry him, he wishes with all his might,
And she, for great minds think just alike,
Gently lifts him and carries her treasure away,
For, unlike Belinda, as she had no Shock,
She must make a mouse serve as her alarm clock.

After reaching her room, which does not take long, She puts him in a chalk-box, secure and strong, And this night - so all the girls say -She made joint-laborer with the day, Feeding her darling with milk and with bread, And calling the girls to watch how he fed. Then mousey slept snug as a bug in a rug, And Chlorinda, after an affectionate hug, Retires to her couch, sweet dreems to seek, But, at rosy-fingered Aurora's very first peek, When up rose the sun, Chlorinda rose up, too, To see if anything for mousey she may do. As on the box she gently casts her eyes, Suddenly shriek after shriek rends th' affrighted skies. The frightened girls run up from every side. "Alas!" moans Chlorinda, "my baby mouse has died; But, at least, 'tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have borne this cross." Thrice the room is shaken by wails and cries. Which aloft to the very heavens seem to rise. Then, weeping, we leave her, at her own request, By the funeral pyre of Vergil and of Bessie S.



LESSON XIII.

page you blank words this the end are more fill was why

This is a page.
Do you see the page?
I see the page.
This was a blank page.
This is no more a blank page.
See the words on the page.
The words are on the page.
Why are the words on the page?
The words fill up the page.
This is the end of the page.

—THE EDITORS.

A. B. C.

A lma is loved by one and all, Especially Turkey, who's awfully tall.

Bis for Barbara, her hair doesn't curl, But, nevertheless, she's a cute little girl.

C is for Claude, and Coleman, too; With flaxen hair and eyes of blue.

D is for Dorothy, Katherine's little sister, Whose stay was cut short because mama missed her.

E stands for Edna, and in this connection.

Not speaking of Bertie is out of the question.

F is for Florence, whose smile so rare, Marks her good and true as she is fair.

Gabriella will graduate soon, and that is the reason our harp's out of tune.

H is for Hill, who practices art; Look well to your head, and the strings of your heart.

I for Irene, our Lucy's relation, Which means that she comes with high recommendation.

is for Josey, you've met her before; She enter'd our hearts by a wide-open door.

K is for Katie, a girl from Sky High, Who "Betts" that her name will be changed by and by.

L is for Lulie, a troublesome elf,
Than whom none is sweeter than Lulie herself.

M for Marie, a girl who can sing, Recite well and play, or do "any old thing."

N for our Nelles, of whom we have four; Also for the Ninas, whose cooking is o'er.

o is for Ora, from far-away Kansas, As dark as the maidens who dwell in Matanzas.

P is for Pussy, better known as Anna Belle, That she's crazy over Emmie, 'tis superfluous to tell.

O for the questions we're fond of propounding, In accents so slow and in phrases so sounding.

R stands for Rosa, whom Claude admires much; Each clique in the school responds to her touch.

S is for Sue, whose hat lost its paper; At the Y. M. C. A. it made shift to escape her.

T is for Turkey, whose height is six feet;
A foot higher than Beulah, who thinks her so sweet.

U is for Una, unlike Spenser's maid, She shuns errant knights, and of lions is afraid.

V is for Virna, of poster fame;
The Bluestocking bows before her name.

W, X, Y, and $Z_{\text{So from their names our page is free.}}^{\text{this year, have entered a plausible plea,}}$

M. B. S. Music Rack.

"Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back." Nelle Smith
"Sweet Bunch of Daisies."
"Fly forth, O gentle dove, And take this letter to my love."
"Kentucky Babe."
"My Little Gypsy Sweetheart." Adelaide Nix
"Josephine, My Jo." Josey Woods
"The Arkansas Traveler."
"Oh, the moon is all agleam On the stream Where I dream Of my pretty little Indian maid."
"O, Paddy dear, and did you hear The news that's goin' round?"
"Ma Mobile Babe." Mabel Cleveland
"Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine." Edith Timberlake
"My Little Flow'ret, My Marguerite." Marguerite Jackells
"I've a Longing in My Heart for You, Louise." Louise Shields
"Shine Out, Little Head, Running Over with Curls." Louise Sloss

'Sweet Marie."
Baby Mine."
'Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" Alice Wenger
'Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?" Lulie Johnston
"Old Kentucky Home." Marie Ramsey
"Home, Sweet Home." Marguerite Coleman
"When the Swallows Homeward Fly." May 24th
"If-a you lak-a me, Lak I lak-a you."
"When You were Sweet Sixteen." Rosa Munger
"Under Southern Skies."
"On a Saturday Night." Feasts and Fun
Last Night when All was Still." Poor Old Sky-High
"Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep." To the Bell
"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly like the west, For there the bonnie lassie lives, The lassie I lo'e best."
"My Lovely Nancy."
"Ae Fond Kiss."
"And I Guess That'll Hold You for Awhile." The Editors

Superlatives.

Best Figure, Best Vocalist, Best Elocutionist, "Sweeter than the perfect song For which love longeth."
Hardest Student,
Wittiest,
Most Popular, Best Athlete, The glorious meed of popular applause."
Most Sarcastic,
Prettiest, Annie Vandevanter "Beautiful as sweet, And young as beautiful, and soft as young, And gay as soft, and innocent as gay."
Best musician, Cutest, A few can touch the magic string, And noisy fame is proud to win them."

Most Intellectual,
Best Dancer,
Most Lovable, Most Ladylike, Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."
Biggest Talker,
Best Informed,
Most Stylish, Handsomest, Genteel in personage, Conduct, and equipage."
Most Romantic,
Neatest,

Jack Frost.

For weeks Jack Frost has been at sport
Within our fair green valley;
He loves to make the days too short
And cause the nights to dally.

He loves to slide down Betsy Bell, And helter, skelter glides, But cannot always cover well The traces of his rides.

For there they stay the livelong day, And Baldwin girls agree That e'en the sun, shine as he may, Is not so sharp as he.

He is the only Staunton boy
Who dares to tap our panes;
But there he knocks, without annoy,
And not a soul complains.

He leaves upon the window sill
A thousand frosted dainties,
And in the morning when we're ill,
No one suspects his bounties.

He creeps along the covered way
Each evening as we pass,
And in our fear to meet him there,
We're late for tea. alas!

But he's our tried and trusted friend,
For in the morning hazy
He gets us up our ways to mend,
And will not leave us lazy.

We welcome you again this year, Jack Frost, our fond play-fellow, Long may you sport without a fear Beneath the "White and Yellow!"

Cornelia Morgan.

Want Column.

Wanted - "Beacon Lights," Senior	History Class
Wanted - Season ticket to office,	Irene Spear
Wanted — A case,	. Josey Woods
Wanted - To know the rights of an editor,	
Wanted — A holiday,	M. B. S.
Wanted - Dryden's Complete Works	Anna Campbell
Wanted - Permission to make fudge,	Miss Hardy
Wanted-The chief seats,	D. D. C.'s
Wanted - To know if the bell has rung yet,	The Penns.
Wanted - Permission every night to get a drink of wate	r . Mildred F.
Wanted - A veil,	Kate Johnston
Wanted - Your money or your life,	The Editors
Wanted - More rope, Everybody connected	d with the Sem.
Wanted - Books,	
Wanted — A rest,	Gym. piano
Wanted-Peace at any price,	
Wanted - A present from Santa Claus,	
Wanted — A room-mate,	
Wanted - To kiss the Blarney Stone,	
Wanted - A monopoly, Ed	lith Timberlake
Wanted - Wireless Telegraphy between Memorial and I	
House,	
Wanted - About six more hours in a day, Sr. Third I	Literature Class



BessieHogE

Grinds.

"We dare not be as funny as we can."

Claude: "What shall I do to be forever known?"

Ollie: "Whatever you do, do not do nothing."

E. Kilp.: "For my part, getting up seems not so easy

By half, as lying,"

Cooking Club: "Cooking is become an art, a noble science."

Katie Mc.: "I had a hat. It was not all a hat,-

Part of the brim was gone.
Yet, still, I wore it on."

Cornelia: "Wisdom married to immortal verse."

Lucy Dou: "Ez to my princerples, I glory

In hevin' nothin' o' the sort."

Rosa: "When you bait your hook with your heart, the fish always

bite.

Miss T-ff-g: "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit

is in other men."

E. Wetmore: "Another tumble! That's her precious nose."

Mary Shields: "One may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Anna C.: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,

Thou shalt not escape calumny."

Webster's Unabridged: "An abridgment of all that is pleasant."

Tail of the Mouse: "Of all tales 'tis the saddest — and most sad.

Because it makes us smile."

Jo. G.: "Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

Anna G.: "Much of a muchness."

Prof. B.: "And so I plunk and plonk and plink,
And rosum-up my bow."

Nannie N.: "They fool me to the top of my bent!"

Ella V. and Elovine: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

Aunt Margaret: "Silence that dreadful bell (e)."

Eleanor M-rr-w: "One vast, substantial smile."

Ella H.: "The world knows only two,-that's Rome and I."

Church Choir: "With vocal voices, most vociferous, in sweet vociferation, out-vociferizing even sound itself."

Aleda: "She has paid dear, very dear, for her whistle."

Miss M-n: "That unto logik hadde longe i-go."

Louise Sloss: "Oh, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Ada H.: "You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."

Chafing Dishes: "Facts are stubborn things."

Nell N. and Winifred: "This story will not go down."

E. Jones: "I do perceive here a divided duty."

M. B. S.: "Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."

Fannie P.: "Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony; but organically I am incapable of a tune."

Miss Sp-ing: "But when it come to Intullect — they tell me yourn was dressed,

A leetle mite, superber-like than any of the rest!"

Turkey and Lucy Dougherty: "Alas! how light a cause may move Dissension between hearts that love!"

January 31st: "The red letter days now become, to all intents and purposes, dead-letter days!"

Bessie S .: "Well-languaged Daniel."

The Faculty: "I smell a device. I have't in my nose, too."

Louise Shields: "Too civil by half."

Cases: "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath."

Lucy Dunnington: "Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent."

Miss R.: "It is not given to man to carry virtue to a higher point."

Collectors: "It is a very good world to live in, To lend, or to spend, or to give in;

But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a man's own, It is the very worst world that ever was known."

Ann Bell: "The nympholepsy of some fond despair."

Carol: "It is well to moor your bark with two anchors."

Alice and Aleda: Lord! what a fool it was that first invented

Claude and Rosa: kissing."

Composition Classes: "Wretched, un-idea'd girls."

May and Lillie: "Oh, call it by some better name, For friendship sounds too cold."

Miss H-y: "A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by books;
The glory of a firm, capracious mind."

Sallie S.: "Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only she."

Hilda M.: "You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it who do buy with too much care."

Margaret M.: "Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

French Table: "At every word a reputation dies."

Sallie D.: "Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me."

May W.: "Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Gertrude: "I would have nobody to control me. I would be absolute:
and who but I?"

Reba B.: "A dearth of words a woman need not fear."

Mr. King: "He is the very pineapple of politeness."

Alma: "The chief crown of life is the love of your fellowmen, and that is ever given to those that have a heart."

M. B. S. Girls: "Oh, the gladness of their gladness when they're glad, And the sadness of their sadness when they're sad; But the gladness of their gladness, and the sadness of their sadness,

Are as nothing to their badness when they're bad."

Ethel H.: "A man is never so sure of anything as of something that isn't so."

Virga: "We may never carry out our plans, but there is still the fun of planning,"

Miss G.: "And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port."

Evelyn A .: "A bigot is one who doesn't think as I do, and sticks to it."

Room 37, C. H.: "I believe in havin' a good time when you start out to have it."

Marie K.:

"It may be possible to teach babies to talk, but it is unnecessary. There is too much baby talk already."

Mr. Kibler: "Who loves a garden, loves a green-house, too."

Sue S. (to the 16th girl): "Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt that I love."

Lucy P.: "O your hands - they are strangely fair!"

Mother Chase: "Those about her From her shall learn the perfect ways of kindness."

Tacy: "The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart in it."

Nell T.: "The less a man knows, the easier it is to convince him that he knows it all."

Bessie B.: "True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon."

Editors: "What is fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper."

Ouips and Cranks.

Irene S.-" We have such a hard time to get milk at home."

Lola K.-" We always get Pasteurized milk."

Irene S.-"Well, you see; we don't have any pastures at home."

Edith G.-"Please tell me what kind of swine chickens are."

Miss R.-" Hill, where do the Swiss come from?"

Hill .- "Oh, from Sweden."

Barbara.—"Arizona has gone to the Infirmary because she has been opposed to the mumps."

Nell T.-" What is a demagogue?"

Susanna. - "Why, the place where the Jewish people go to church."

Mildred R.-"I certainly do like those pounded biscuits they have here."

Inquirer.—" Will the Pope's son succeed him?"

Elsie M.-" Of course he will."

Nellie N.-" Reba, what do the editors of the Annual do? Do they set up the type?"

M. Turk.—"That's just the piano-trainer."

Hill.-" Why, I always thought a little rat was a mouse."

Teacher.-" Make a sentence using the word subterranean?" Una.-" The girl had a subterranean look."

May W.-" Who was Joseph of Jeremiah?"

Miss R.—"Can you tell me the date of Christ's birth?" Charlotte M.—"16 A. D."

Miss R.-"Oh, no; try again, now?" Charlotte M.-" Was it 11 B. C.?"

Io .- "What's the matter with that paper? Can't you tear it out of the tablet?"

Harriet W.-"No. I can't: it isn't pulverized."

Scene: A spring; a boy and a dog; day pupils drinking.

Day pupil—"Your dog will fall in if you don't take care."

Boy.—'Aw, that won't hurt 'im; I puts 'im in there any time; him an' 'Tabby'—that's my cat."

The girls didn't care for another drink.

Emily D.—"Shakespeare hasn't been dead so very long, has he? Didn't he write 'Lady of the Lake?"

Edeth T.—"I saw the recumbent statue of Lee while I was visiting in Lexington."

Olive T .- Was he on horseback?"

Agnes says that Æneas saw the sun "sit" below the western hills.

L. K.—"My watch has the name, Molly Stark, on the works."

Irene S.—"Oh, yes; she wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin, didn't she?"

L. K.—"Well, not that I know of."

I. S.-"Oh, I know. Captain John Smith said 'Molly Stark's a widow."

Bert.-" What is the capital of New Mexico?"

Nannie.-" Boston."

Old girl.—"Are you going to the 'coffee" this evening?"

Donna.—"Well, I always went to the 'cafes' when I was at home. I don't know whether I'll go to the 'coffees' they have here or not."

According to Alma, printing was first introduced into England in 1812.

Julia (ringing a bell suspended from her belt). "Ding, dong, dong."
Pat.—"Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,

She shall have music wherever she goes."

Julia.—"Oh, go way, Shakespeare."

Ask Hettie if "to be" is an impersonal verb.

M. Crane.—"Who wrote 'Just as I Am?" I know it was Charlotte somebody, but I can't think who."

Miss H .- "Charlotte Corday."

A. C. (studying Burke).—" England didn't treat the twenty-five or thirty colonies she had over here as if she cared a bit for them."

Miss S.—"And a most instant tetter bark'd about." Explain the use of 'bark'd?"

Sue Mc.—"He is treating the skin as if were a dog that would bark."

Word from Old Girls.

Lee Fox, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, is to be married in June, to Mr. Charles Benton.

Sue Ellis is visiting friends in Alabama.

Cameron Browning has been spending the winter in New York.

Margaret Kable is now at home, after a winter of teaching in Cumberland, Maryland.

Mabel Leftwich is teaching in Lafayette, Indiana.

Nell Cochran sailed for Europe the fourteenth of May.

Pauline Nix spent a week in Staunton during the Easter vacation.

Mary Robertson is teaching at her home in Warrenton.

Blanche Adair made her debut this winter.

Fanny Campbell, while visiting in Virginia last fall, paid several flying visits to the Seminary.

Willie Stealey made us a visit at Thanksgiving.

Phæbe Jones is spending some time in Florida this year.

Josie Budd is charming Petersburg society.

Lucy Brooke has been visiting Millicent Lupton, at Leesburg.

Mimi Borcheis is attending school in New York.

Cobbie Hood, Ethel McDonald, and Laura Boyd, are at "Agnes Scott."

Cornelia Switzer spent two months with Nettie Mosby.

Bessie Rountree has been visiting Irene Strayer, in Harrisonburg.

Annie Skeggs and Mary Crawford are attending school at The Woman's College, in Richmond.

Reba Sipe is attending Gunston Institute, Washington, D. C.

Rachel Borden has been at home this winter.

Marie Brunson spent Easter with Marion Lindsey.

Nora Fraser is teaching Latin and French at the Chatham Episcopal Institute.

Sara Gwin is at school in New York.

Miss Florence Houston is at her home in Russell, Kentucky.

Miss Addie Brubaker visited in Chicago this winter.

Ruth Kittle spent her winter in Chicago, and also visited Louise Mealey, in Monticello, Minnesota.



Alumnæ Brides.

Rebecca Bridges to Rev. William Andrew Murray, November 11, 1903, Hancock, Maryland.

Leila Moore Drennan to Dr. Roy Henry Garn, November 11, 1903, Taylorville, Illinois.

Elizabeth Stuart Gibbs to Mr. Hill Bond, December 21, 1903, Decatur, Alabama.

Martha Proudfit to Mr. John Fairfax Conrad, November 25, 1903, Washington, D. C.

Eugenia Harvey to Mr. Robert Edgar Priddy, November 11, 1903, Memphis, Tennessee.

Ella Clingan to Mr. Adrian Le Roy McCardell, October 7, 1903, Jackson, Mississippi.

Eleanor Straith Ranson to Dr. William Holmes Yeakley, June 17, 1903, Staunton, Virginia.

Nanna Horne to Mr. Benjamin Hynes Charles, Junior, June 30, 1903, Keokuk, Iowa.

Eva Cochrane to Mr. Herbert Marion McCelvey, June 10, 1903, Temple, Texas.

Elizabeth Dooley to Dr. John Harold Burton, October 29, 1903, Rockville, Indiana.

Eula Bauknight to Mr. Joel Henry Tucker, January 6, 1904, Archer, Florida.

Maud Conrad to Mr. William J. Perry, April 22, 1903, Richmond, Virginia.

Elizabeth Harman to Mr. Benjamin Franklin Sites, October 14, 1903, Staunton, Virginia.

Vivian Griswold to Mr. Frank Linclon Williams, June 17, 1903, Griswoldville, Massachusetts.

Jessie Bolling to Dr. Glasgow Armstrong, October, 1903, Staunton, Virginia.

Marie Beatrice Smith to Mr. Horace Heiskell Bell, September 30, 1903, Sweet Springs, West Virginia.

Katie Eichelberger to Mr. F. W. Bell, October 10, 1903, Staunton, Virginia.

Jessie Alma Smith to Mr. Louis Frank Tilley, April 15, 1903, Brazil, Indiana.

Lillye Bell Fox to Mr. Carl Weil, November 18, 1903, Palestine, Texas.

Annie Child to Mr. J. Fishburne, October, 1903, Staunton, Virginia.

Bessie McCoy to Mr. Bradley, November, 1903, Staunton, Virginia.

Bea Gerstle to Mr. Reuben Norton Towers, April 27, 1904, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Josephine Gilkeson to Rev. James McClure, December, 31, 1903, Greenville, Virginia.

Lina Sheppard to Mr. George W. Baker, April 6, 1904, Greenville, North Carolina.

Sallie Mac Corkle Lane to Mr. Horace Lacy Smith, April 7, 1904, Bedford City, Virginia.

M. B. S. Directory.

Adams, Evelyn, Wasl	nington C. H., Ohio
Adams, Olive Carroll,	Ft. Monroe, Va.
Allen, Jane McClellan,	Staunton, Va.
Ayer, Mary Boyd,	New Albany, Ind.
Baker, Beulah,	Aberdeen, Md.
Baker, Carrie Vallette,	Winchester, Va.
Barkman, Elizabeth,	Staunton, Va.
Bauknight, Lelia Fleming.	Archer, Fla.
Bell, Elizabeth Arbuthnot,	
Bell, Martha Virginia,	Richlands, W. Va.
Bell, Mary Peck,	Pulaski, Va.
Bell, Sarah James,	Staunton, Va.
Benerman, Louise,	Philadelphia, Penn.
Betts, Katie Elizabeth,	Hope, Ark.
Blackburn, Retta,	Staunton, Va.
Borcheis, Helena,	Charlottesville, Va.
Bowers, Eleanor Lee,	Washington, D. C.
Bowles, Bertha Anna,	Millwood, Va.
Bowles, Irene Elizabeth, I	funtington, W. Va.
Bowles, Lucy Bolling,	Staunton, Va.
Bowles, Marie Ellis,	Staunton, Va.
Brooke, Virginia Tucker,	Alexandria, Va.
Brown, Elizabeth Stuart,	Bridgeport, Ky.
Browning, Janye Meek,	Pocahontas, Va.
Browning, Rebecca Ball,	Pocahontas, Va.
Burk, Ruth Eva,	Staunton, Va.
Burnett, Mary,	Staunton, Va.
Camp, Ashby Pendleton,	Petersburg, Va.
Campbell, Anna Montgome	ry, Blacksburg, Va.
Carter, Hill Miller,	Washington, Va.
Catlett, Amy,	Staunton, Va.
Cecil, Alma Miller,	Richmond, Va.
Clark, Fay,	St. Louis, Mo.
Clemmer, Ada Page,	Staunton, Va.
Clemmer, Julia Florence,	Staunton, Va.
Cleveland, Carmelete Attil	
Cleveland, Mabel Howard,	

Cochran, Laura Shallcross, New York, N. Y. Cohn, Anna Rose, Norfolk, Va. Coiner, Eula Grace, Waynesboro, Va. Coiner, Hortie M., Wavnesboro, Va. Colby, Mary Virna. Houston, Tex. Coleman, Claude, San Antonio, Tex. Coleman, Mamie Nash. Norfolk, Va. Coleman, Margaret, San Antonio, Tex. Connell, Alma G., Staunton, Va. Cook, Elizabeth Marie, Princeton, N. I. Coyner, Annie Moffett, Waynesboro, Va. Crane, Mary Leith. Staunton, Va. Crawford, Mary Agnes, Swoope, Va. Crawford, Estelle Montgomery, Staunton, Va. Crenshaw, Iulia Isabelle. St. Louis, Mo. Crosby, Mattie Ellis, Staunton, Va. Curtis, Nellie Demorest, Vilnar, Va. Davis, Sallie Virginia, Baltimore, Md. Dismukes, Frances Cage, Gallatin, Tenn. Donohoe, Mary Le Grand, Fairfax, Va. Dougherty, Lucie Newsome, Gainesville, Tex. Dulaney, Bonnie Juanita, Paris, Tex. Dunnington, Jean McD., Charlottesville, Va. Dunnington, Lucie Knight, Farmville, Va. Eakle, Margaret Clifford, Coiner's Store, Va. Effinger, Frances Smith, Staunton, Va. Eisenberg, Lillian, Staunton, Va. Eisenberg, Louise, Staunton, Va. Eisenberg, Mary Caroline, Staunton, Va. Eugart, Arline Newell, Lynchburg, Va. Erb, Anna Mae, Akron, Col. Evans, Jane Elizabeth, Aberdeen, Md. Foster, Louise Henrietta, Union, S. C. Fowler, Mildred Bell, Washington, D. C. Fraser, Margaret, Staunton, Va. Fulton, Nannie Brownlow, Staunton, Va. Gilmer, Ollie, San Antonio, Tex.

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Gold, Bertie Chum,	Delaplaine, Va.
Green, Anna Eliza,	Gregory, Tex. Gittings, Md.
Green, Edith, Roe,	
Green, Mary Fay,	Gregory, Tex.
Gregg, Mary Sue,	Palestine, Tex.
Griffith, Nancy Vansant,	Paris, Ky.
Gwin, Bella Hughes,	Grenada, Miss.
Gwin, Joe Willie,	Grenada, Miss.
Hammond, Ella Lee,	Richmond, Va.
Hamner, Elizabeth Carolin	
Hanway, Lillian,	Bel-Air, Md.
Hanway, Margaret Warne	
Hanway, Sarah Grace,	Bel-Air, Md.
Harnsberger, Maude Ellen	
Haynes, Ethel Buckinghan	
Heard, Bessie,	McKinney, Tex.
Heard, Katie Florence,	McKinney, Tex.
Heard, Nina,	McKinney, Tex.
Heck, Margaret Chadwick	, Raleigh, N. C.
Heflin, Nina,	Galveston, Tex.
Heiberger, Fannie,	Washington, D. C.
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Heller, Ada Gahre,	Princeton, N. J.
Heller, Ada Gahre,	
Heller, Ada Gahre, Henderson, Annie Paris,	Princeton, N. J. Staunton, Va.
Heller, Ada Gahre, Henderson, Annie Paris, Henderson, Margaret,	Princeton, N. J.
Heller, Ada Gahre, Henderson, Annie Paris, Henderson, Margaret, Hoge, Elizabeth Taylor,	Princeton, N. J. Staunton, Va. Staunton, Va.
Heller, Ada Gahre, Henderson, Annie Paris, Henderson, Margaret, Hoge, Elizabeth Taylor, Houston, Harriet H.,	Princeton, N. J. Staunton, Va. Staunton, Va. Staunton, Va.
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Kerr, Edna Lorena,	Dayton, Ohio
Kerr, Lola,	Dayton, Ohio
Kilpatrick, Eleanor,	Connellsville, Penn.
King, Ethelyn,	Austin, Tex.
Landes, Bessie Wallace	
Lang, Irma,	Staunton, Va.
Langford, Helena,	Staunton, Va.
Leftwich, Katie Herr,	Staunton, Va.
Lecky, Mary Louise,	Fairey Hill, Va.
Lingamfelter, Elizabeth	
Lockwood, Marjorie,	Montgomery, Ala.
Loeb, Hortense,	Staunton, Va.
Loving, Robbie,	Paducah, Ky.
Mabry, Floyd,	Kosciusko, Miss.
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McCue, Mabel,	Fort Defiance, Va.
McDowell, Margaret Jea	
McElroy, Susie Lee,	Richmond, Va.
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Martin, Gabriella Garth,	Bluffton, S. C.
Martin, Lilla Kirk,	Bluffton, S. C.
Maxwell, May Eugenia,	Elkins, W. Va.
Maxwell, Willie Nelson,	
Meeks, Gracie Virginia,	Staunton, Va.
Miller, Bettie,	Staunton, Va.
Miller, Charlotte Johnsto	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Miller, Juliet Crawford,	Fort Defiance, Va.
Miller, Una Creigh,	Moffatt's Creek, Va.
Moffatt, Elsie Weeden,	Barterbrook, Va.
Mohler, Reba Reeves,	Loch Seren, W. Va.
Morgan, Cornelia,	Springfield, Mo.
Morgan, Nan,	Aberdeen, Miss.
Moore, Margaret Ellen,	Cleveland, Ohio
Morris, Hilda Mitchell,	Low Moor, Va.
Morris, Winifred,	Dover, Del.
Morrow, Eleanor Hodgs	
Munger, Rose,	Birmingham, Ala.
Murphy, Ethel Lynn,	Morristown, Tenn.
Nairn, Hattie Louise,	Philadelphia, Penn.
Nesbitt, Mary,	Moundsville, W. Va.
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Newman, Nanine Walker, Marysville, Mo. Dover, Del. Nicholson, Ella, Nix, Adelaide Davidson, New York, N. Y. Noon, Sibert Betts, Staunton, Va. Amite, La. Ogden, Anna Louise, Safford, Ariz. Olney, Beulah, Newark, N. J. Osborn. Bessie. Staunton, Va. Pancake, Elizabeth Gilkeson, Pancake, Emily Vance, Staunton, Va. Romney, W. Va. Pancake, Fannie Graham. Panton, Margaret Ruth. Duluth, Minn. Patrick, Barbara Page, Duluth, Minn. Patrick, Isabelle Fiske, Duluth, Minn. Patteson, Ann Bell, Petersburg, Va. Penn, Lucy Dillard, Reidsville, N. C. Penn, Mattie Irvin, Reidsville, N. C. Porter, Ella Lucile, Staunton, Va. Price, Mary Opulia, Middlesboro, Ky. Ramsey, Marie Langley, Madisonville, Ky. Roe, Martha Elise. Mansfield, Ohio Rosser, Martha Virginia, West Superior, Wis. Rubel, Gertrude, Okolona, Miss. Rubel, Lotta, Okolona, Miss Ruddell, Mildred Alminta, Glenville, W. Va. Ruff. Hettie Graves. Mt. Clinton, Va. Savage, Annie Keith. Watersboro, S. C. See, Hattie McPheeters, Ft. Defiance, Ohio Shafor, Lucile, Middletown, Ohio Shepard, Florence Green, Kansas City, Mo. Sherrard, Elizabeth M., Rocky Mount, Va. Shields, Louise Shulas, Lexington, Va Shields, Mary Virginia, St. Louis, Mo. Shuey, Dorothy, Washington, D. C. Shuey, Katherine Beatrice, Washington, D. C. Simpson, Della Moffett, Staunton, Va. Sloss. Louise. St. Louis, Mo. Smith, Donna Jane, Orange, Tex. Smith, Ella Selden, Kanawha City, W. Va. Smith, Nellie Gilmar, Sweet Springs, W. Va. Smith, Roberta Bracken, Los Angelos, Cal.

Smith, Sarah Warfield, Sao Paulo, Brazil, S. C. Smith, Sue Lydia, Estill, Ky. Staunton, Va. Smith, Waddell Nettie. Spear, Irene Harris, Connellsville, Penn. Speck, Rachel. Staunton, Va. Spottswood, Mattie Boyle D., Petersburg, Va. Steves, Estella Kathryn, San Antonio, Tex. Stickley, Ella Maude, Staunton, Va. Stone, Annie Page, Martinsville, Va. Stout, Cornelia, Staunton, Va. Staunton, Va. Stout, Sallie Rice, Staunton, Va. Stratton, Virginia May, Strauss, Fannie Barth, Staunton, Va. Switzer, Virginia, Staunton, Va. Staunton, Va. Sydnor, Mary, Taliaferro, Lucile. Georgetown, Tex. Tappan, Lillie, Helena, Ark. Tenney, Aleda Krockow, Spartansburg, S. C. Thomason, Nelle May, Oxford, Ala. Staunton, Va. Timberlake, Edith, Timberlake, Elizabeth Hart, Staunton, Va. Timberlake, Josephine Baxter, Staunton, Va. Timberlake, Nannie Fauntleroy, Staunton, Va. Timberlake, Olive Legan, Staunten, Va. Tredway, Almeyda, Chatham, Va. Turk, Mary Houston, Staunton, Va. Turner, Sue Vernon, Houston, Tex. Umbach, Edna Dora, Belington, W. Va. Umbach, Hilda Anna, Belington, W. Va. Vandevanter, Annie W., Ft. Defiance, Va. Van Horn, Ella Snider, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. Varner, Annelle, Paris. Tex. Houston, Tex. Vineyard, Annie Mayeaux, Staunton, Va. Young, Leila May, Louisville, Ky. Young, Martha Paul, Staunton, Va. Walker, Gladys Faxon, Ft. Defiance, Va. Walker, Mary Bell, Front Royal, Va. Waller, Mary Roberta, Walter, Frances Emily. Staunton Va. Walter, Jane Ann, Staunton, Va.

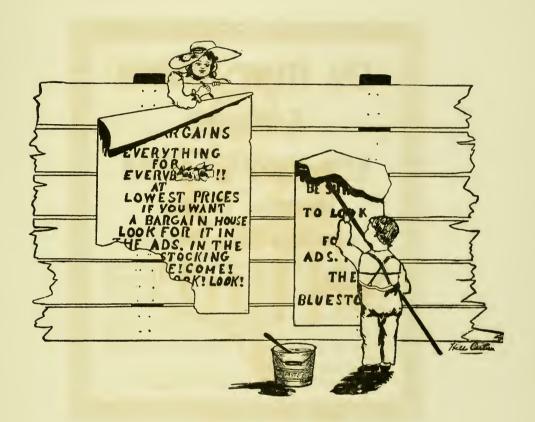
Walter, Ruth,	Staunton, Va.
Walton, Anna Virgina,	Cameron, W. Va.
Warren, Carol,	Ft. Worth, Tex.
Warwick, Mary Ellen,	Staunton, Va.
Watkins, Margaret Clevela	nd, Mobile, Ala.
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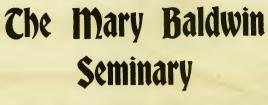
White, Bessie, Romney, W. Va. White, Eleanor, Staunton, Va. Wilder, Henrietta Maynard, San Jose, Cal. Grayson, Ky. Wilhoit, Inez Beatrice, Fairmount, W. Va. Williams, Laura, Wilson, Harriet Earley, South Boston, Va. Wilson, Sallie Barksdale, South Boston, Va. Wise, Laura Ward, Staunton, Va. Woodall, May, Itasca, Tex. Woods, Josephine, Toing Kiang Pu, China Wright, Lilia Julia, Petersburg, Va.





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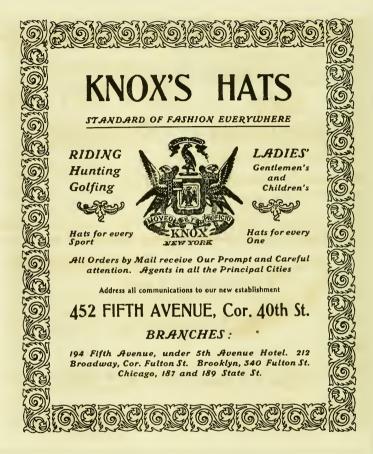
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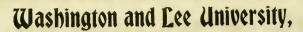
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